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487 133 137 until we reach the village of Pan-ch'iao 板橋 (Wood bridge), 30 li from Chen-nan, at the foot of a wooded hill. Leaving the village to the right it crosses a stone bridge called Ling-kuang ch'iao 靈廣橋, near the temple of Ling-kuang (Miao). Thence it leads up the valley between hills to the village of Sha-ch'iao, situated on a slope. The neighboring country is inhabited by a number of tribes, who come to the markets to dispose of their products.

Ninth stage. — From Sha-ch'iao to P'u-p'ung 普沏 (Pervading noise of the water) is a distance of 95 li. Elevation 7,450 feet.

Leaving Sha-ch'iao the trail winds about the hill-sides between wooded slopes in narrow cultivated valleys at an elevation of 6,900 feet. Here are situated farm-houses and small hamlets in groves of willows along a clear stream. The path leads up a narrow, densely wooded valley to the hamlet Ta-fo-ssu 大佛寺 (Great Buddha temple) after a temple situated in the center of the village, but nothing is left of the temple except a few posts. The hamlet consists of about five houses and is in a wretched state; elevation 7,000 feet.

[579] Climbing between steep, wooded hills, formerly the hunting-ground of the bandit chief Ch'ang Liang and his bands, who burned nearly all the villages in this region (fortunately he has been caught and executed, and the villages are gradually being rebuilt), the ravine becomes narrower and filled with a wonderful forest of Alnus, Pyrus, Quercus, *Rhododendron Delavayi*, *Rhod. Simsii*, *Rhod. scabrifolium*, *Rhod. microphylon*, *Rhod. coriaceum*, magnolias, Cornus, etc., until we emerge into a narrow pass at 7,900 feet and the little hamlet of Chü-li-p'u 直力舖, 70 li west of Chen-nan. Every house in this once prosperous village was in ashes (1928–1930) — the act of bandits. Women and children sat among the debris in despair.

487 133 485 The trail continues up the narrowing ravine to the pass at 8,200 feet where lies the hamlet called Ying-wu-kuan 英武關, or 鸚鵡關,[16] a distance of 50 li from Sha-ch'iao. This is the regular lunch-stop for the caravans. The houses are mainly food-stalls and tea-shops which cater to the traveler. A tiny temple is back of the village in a forest of oaks.

487 133 137 From this pass the trail descends, only to ascend again to a slightly higher pass at 8,300 feet, whence it leads down into a red valley, bare, arid, and exposed to the terrific winds which sweep it from the west. At 8,000 feet we pass the wretched village of T'ien-shen-t'ang-t'ang 天神堂塘, continuing downstream for a short distance. Instead of following the valley we now turn to the right, and climb the steep spur over a terribly rocky trail between pine forests, to an elevation of 8,350 feet. Here the path emerges on to a flat plateau (the neighborhood is inhabited by Lo-lo tribesmen) and descends the broad mountain-side over which the wind sweeps furiously in winter and spring. Much of the land is bare and covered with fine, loose gravel and sand. Only barberry bushes (Berberis) manage to exist, with *Osteomeles Schwerinæ*, a gnarled shrub with white flowers. The hills are purplish-red and yellow with here and there calcareous outcroppings.

The trail, after having kept to an elevation of from 8,000 to 7,600 feet, de-

[16] Not to be mistaken for the Ying-wu Shan 鸚鵡山 (Parrot Mountain), which is only a half li north-west of Chen-nan. The name is derived from the many parrots which are said to nest there.

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2. SHIH-KU 石鼓

From the Li-chiang plain we go west up the slopes of the southern-most spur of the snow range which joins the further range commonly called Wen-pi Shan and Sä-bpi zhĕr nv-lv in Na-khi, also known in Chinese as San-pi-wai-lung Shan 三碧外龍山.[2] A paved road leads steeply to the pass called Huang-shan-shao 黃山哨, a distance of 10 li from the town. In former days soldiers were stationed there to protect the approach to the plain and city. A small hamlet called Gkaw-gku is situated in the pass, where food is sold to travelers. The pass itself is known as Gkaw-gku to the Na-khi. A few yards beyond the village the road forks, the left or southern leading direct to La-shih-pa, and the right or northern to Shih-ku via A-hsi (Aw-khi or A-khi in Na-khi).

The Shih-ku trail descends slightly and leads past a flat-topped hill also known as Huang-shan-shao. It is sparingly covered with pine trees and from the summit a fine view is obtainable of the La-shih Lake, called La-shi Ķhü in Na-khi and Lung Hai 龍海 (Dragon Lake) in Chinese. This lake has a habit of disappearing through subterranean channels. At the time of writing (1934) the lake basin has been practically entirely reclaimed and excellent crops are grown where formerly was water. A terrible road leads down to the plain past the hamlet of Ch'ang-la-shih 長剌是. We cross the plain between the lake and the little village of Muan-bä, which we leave to our right, and pass between fields and the hamlet of Gkü-la-wùa to the foot of a pine-covered hill and the village of Dto-k'ö (Foot of the hill; H-M., Toke). This village possesses groves of walnut trees; maize, pumpkins, squash and rice are cultivated. Elevation 8,625 feet.

From the village of Dto-k'ö, the trail ascends the pine-covered hill immediately back of it; the soil is decomposed sandstone of a reddish-grey color. The path is narrow and winds through scrub vegetation between sink-holes such as are encountered on the Lo-shui-tung 落水洞 plain,[3] of which it is the northern border. It ascends higher, and the funnel-shaped sink-holes become larger and more numerous, their throats lined with vertical limestone walls. We emerge on to a pass at 9,300 feet elevation which is in fact a plateau with a small hamlet called Ggŏ-mbo.[4] The village people are dependent for their

[2] So as not to confound it with the snow range called Jade dragon Mountain (Yü-lung Shan 玉龍山) it is here called the Wai 外 (Excluded) outside dragon mountain San-pi.

[3] All Li-chiang Na-khi call the plain west of La-shih to Kuan-shang, Lo-shui-tung. It seems, however, that only one cavern, or sink-hole, bears that name. It must be the subterranean outlet of the lake which is so named, for the Li-chiang records state that "it is 20 li south-west of Li-chiang in La-shih li, the natives call the Lo-shui-tung, or sink-hole, the Hai-yen 海眼 (Eye of the lake)," the lake proper being called the Lung Hai on the Chinese military map of Yün-nan. In the summer and autumn all the waters of the snow range (in this region) collect and inundate the land. They then filter through the sink-hole and flow through subterranean channels. Others say they flow into the Yangtze. This is why the sink-hole is called Hai-yen. The *Yün-nan T'ung-chih* and the *Li-chiang fu chih lüeh* say that the Mu-pieh Ho 木別河 is 15 li west of Li-chiang and flows south-west of La-shih li into the Hai-yen. It seems that Hai-yen is also the name of the lake, as the Mu-pieh Ho flows into it, although the Chinese name for it is Lung Hai (Dragon Lake).

[4] The village is also called Mbo-shi (H-M., Muschie).

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elevation above the river. Here[1] I was very comfortably put up in a *hsing-t'ai*, which is the name for the rest-houses specially reserved for Chinese officials travelling.

We were now travelling with an official escort, consisting of two policemen sent by the magistrate, and two soldiers sent by the General. It is the invariable custom in western China for Europeans to be supplied with an escort of this sort. Some travellers appear to look on them as a nuisance, but I have not found them so. Their presence is specially useful in parts of the country previously untrodden by Europeans, as it lets the inhabitants know that one is travelling with the sanction of the Chinese Government. Without this the people in some places are quite ignorant enough to suppose the traveller to be the leader of a gang of robbers, or perhaps a fugitive from justice. On one occasion between San-si and T'êng-yüeh, my interpreter was asked quite seriously by an old countryman whether we had come to invade China.

Also I have found the escort very useful in getting rooms at an inn, and in various other small services which they are usually glad to perform, with the anticipation of course of a small reward at the end. The arms they carry are not of the sort to give one much respect for the Chinese army. Generally it is an old muzzle-loader, sometimes only a sword or a three-pronged spear. An opium-pipe is a necessity for most of them, and it is a common saying among the Chinese that this is the only weapon their soldiers know how to handle, the word *ch'iang* being used in Chinese for both a gun and an opium-pipe.

This day's march was my first experience of a Chinese paved road. The stones are of all shapes and sizes, with large spaces in between them, and the road seems specially designed to render both walking and riding equally unpleasant. The sharp stones hurt one's feet, and one slips down on the flat ones. To make things worse there were one or two showers of rain, which made the stones so slippery that the mules could hardly keep their footing. Wherever it is possible to avoid the paved road, tracks have been made alongside of it, by which one can get along at a fair pace.

[1] These roads exist all over China, and I suppose the

[Village of Kan-lan-chai, Shweli Valley -- Analyst]

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825 sucks animals down as they cross. Our mules were fortunate enough to get across without encountering this monster. It is perhaps hardly worth any naturalist's while to come out to investigate this strange animal. A Chinaman likes to have a story to account for anything that takes place. In the spring and early summer there would be a good deal of melted snow in the water of the river, while the climate of the valley would be extremely hot and close. The sudden change from hot air into cold water might well produce cramp.

[241] The next day, a good up-hill road brought us to P'u-p'iao, a little plain covered with villages and well cultivated with the winter crops—beans, wheat, and opium. On this march there is an alternative road to Yung-ch'ang, branching off from the village of Fang-ma-ch'ang; it is said to be shorter but more hilly than the main road which I took. Gill travelled by it, but Baber and most other travellers have come by the same road as myself. Baber mentions that he heard that the stream which runs through the P'u-p'iao plain falls into a lake, but the answers to all my enquiries were that it joins the Salween. On the Chinese map there is a small lake marked a few miles lower down, but it is shown as the source of a small tributary of the main stream.

Our road on the 21st rose to the top of a bare range at 7000 feet, and a little beyond this the Yung-ch'ang plain came in sight. The path descends to the plain at the village of A-shih-wo, just before reaching which a cave is passed in the hillside to the left which is said to go right through the hill and come out on the other side.

361 312 The plain of Yung-ch'ang Fu is about 18 miles long and six miles wide, covered with villages and well cultivated; it is one of the largest and richest in the province. As in many other plains there is a summer crop of rice, and after the rice has been harvested in the autumn, the winter crops of beans, opium or wheat are put in. A good-sized stream running from north to south irrigates a great part of the plain, and water for this purpose is also collected in reservoirs where some of the side streams run down from the hills.

●485 I put up at an inn in the middle of the town. The

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485 accommodation in a Chinese inn is rough, but quite comfortable enough. One gets a small room with a table and a chair or two, and a plank bedstead. Going to an inn saves a lot of trouble, as the traveller can get firewood and hot water at once without difficulty, and also corn and straw for the mules. In Yung-ch'ang I found I was not bothered by the crowd, and was left alone as much as if I had been in my own house. This is by no means the case everywhere, and the inn yard is often densely packed with spectators. When this happens I should recommend the traveller to get an upstairs room where, as far as my experience goes, he will be quite free from molestation; it is in any case far easier to kick a man downstairs than to clear an inn yard which may have more than one entrance.

361 The town of Yung-ch'ang Fu I estimate to contain about 5000 houses. It was apparently originally a square, built at the foot of a little knoll which forms the end of a spur running down from the range to the west. It seems, however, to have struck some Chinese tactician that an enemy on this hill might make it unpleasant for the garrison of the town, and the northern and southern walls have been extended and bent round so as to meet each other and enclose this little knoll, though even with this the town still remains commanded at short range from the spur beyond. The flat part of the town is about half built over, the rest of the space being taken up with gardens. On the hill there are a few temples built among fir woods, and I actually put up a cock pheasant here within the city wall. This little hill is called Pao Shan and it is from this that Yung-ch'ang takes its *hsien* name of Pao-shan Hsien.

366 262 The main bazar street which runs from north to south down the centre of the town is crowded all day and every day, but from the appearance of the place and from enquiries made, I do not think it is as large a trade centre as T'êng-yüeh. It is an excellent place for buying provisions: oranges, pears, pine-apples, carrots, cabbages, beans, radishes, and potato-like roots are to be got here, and doubtless several other sorts of vegetables and fruits at other seasons. They also sell cured ducks and geese, not unlike ham, but very salt: this industry is chiefly in the

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go out and pay visits to their friends. Spending the day paying calls does not sound very lively, but the Chinese are an extraordinarily sociable people and find great amusement in going to their neighbours' houses to talk and drink tea. Most people keep up the holiday for a few days, and there is not much business done for a fortnight after the New Year. It is quite contrary to Chinese custom to travel on New Year's Day, but both on this and subsequent occasions I found no difficulty in getting my Chinese followers to march. They were away from their own homes and had no friends in the place, so had no particular desire to stay and keep the New Year among strangers.

Our march on the 26th was as usual a hilly one. It began with an ascent of 3,300 feet and a descent of 2,300 feet. After that another spur of 600 feet had to be crossed into the plain of Yung-p'ing Hsien. The first village reached is Ch'ü-tung, which contains about 600 houses inhabited chiefly by Panthays. The inn here was an exceptionally good one, kept by a lady who had originally been Chinese, but having the bad luck in her youth to be in some town captured by the rebels, had been forcibly converted to Mahommedanism and married to a Panthay. This incident did not seem to have affected her cheerfulness. The Chinese very soon resign themselves to circumstances. Certainly in this case it had happened twenty-five or thirty years ago, so she had had time to get over it.

The plain of Yung-p'ing only measures some four miles by two. The main road does not pass through the town, which, though the residence of the official, is a smaller place than Ch'ü-tung. On this march the snow-capped range of mountains near Ta-li Fu was visible for the first time.

The next four days took us from Sha-yang to Yang-pi, over a country in which there is absolutely no level ground. Sha-sung-shao, a little village among pine forests, was our sleeping place on the first day. On the 28th we crossed the range which divides the Mekong from the Yang-pi river at a height a little over 8000 feet and descended to Huang-lien-p'u, which is built on a steep hillside shut in closely by hills on all sides. It contains a very good *hsing-t'ai* or Government rest-house, where we slept.

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Photo by Captain W. A. Watts-Jones

A wayside tea-house on the Ta-li Fu-Yün-nan Fu road

[Plate xxxiv] [Face p. 150]

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439 chester product and is rapidly supplanting the latter in western China.

The height of Mêng-tzŭ I made about 4,700 feet, and the climate is pleasantly cool. The inhabitants of the surrounding country belong principally to the P'u-la and other tribes, speaking dialects of the Lo-lo type.

133 After spending two very pleasant days here, I started for the Red River, taking three days to do the 30 miles which separate Mêng-tzŭ from Man-hao. The country passed through is curious, consisting chiefly of a mass of small basins with no outlet for the water. These "devil's punch-bowls" are characteristic of a great part of the eastern and south-eastern parts of Yün-nan.

●485 Another curious and unpleasant feature of the road from Mêng-tzŭ to Man-hao is the entire absence of any sort of inn accommodation for men. There are large stables for mules at the recognised halting places, but no provision is apparently considered necessary for human beings who are so ill advised as to take a road which leads into countries outside the borders of the Middle Kingdom.

000 As it rained on and off, I had to sleep beside my mules on the first night, and on the second to squeeze into an extremely small temple already occupied by a tax collector and his clerk. The country passed through is very poor and thinly populated. The village of Yao-t'ou, where I slept my second night, is considered too unhealthy to live in by the Yün-nanese, and is inhabited by Cantonese who have found their way there through Tong-king. Its height is over 4000 feet, but it is placed in a narrow valley much shut in by hills, which perhaps accounts for its bad reputation. The name Yao-t'ou means "shake head," and is said to have been given to it because everyone who sees it shakes his head in disapproval.

From here, after a little up hill, a very steep descent in pouring rain brought us down to the Red River at Man-hao at a height of 600 feet. The village contains 100 houses,
505 inhabited by Cantonese Chinamen and Shans. Small boats can go a considerable distance further up the river, but Man-hao is the limit for large boats and may be considered as practically the head of navigation.

Mr Spinney had kindly arranged about a boat, so I was

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000 cultivated valley in which lies the straggling village of Tung-ngo-lo.

Here we found Mr Amundsen of the China Inland Mission whom I had met at Ta-li Fu in a previous journey. He had since then married and was now installed with Mrs Amundsen at Tung-ngo-lo. I have mentioned before his journey made in 1898 from Ta-chien-lu through Mi-li to Ta-li Fu.

We were now nearing a part of Ssŭ-ch'uan where baggage is usually carried by coolies, and pack animals are little used. Luckily we received an offer for our mules at Tung-ngo-lo, and we were glad to sell them, the purchaser undertaking to find animals for us to take our baggage as far as Ta-chien-lu.

These arrangements were quickly made, and we were able to push on again the next day. The march was a level one—an extraordinary circumstance indeed—our road leading down one valley and up another through a splendidly green country, partly grass and partly cultivated with wheat and barley.

We slept at Chang-k'o, near Ania, and the next day crossing the Gi-la Pass (15,000 feet) by a gradually rising path, we descended to Chê-to where we found a fairly good Chinese inn.

361 On the 20th June a short march down a narrow, very green valley brought us to Ta-chien-lu, or, as the Tibetans call it, Tar-chen-do. The town contains 800 houses and is shut closely into a narrow valley by high steep hills, the Chen River which is crossed by a bridge dividing the town into two parts. This is the end of Tibet, and the town looks more Chinese than Tibetan, though one sees a good many lamas in the place, and most of the Chinamen living here can talk Tibetan as well as their own language. In spite of its rather Chinese appearance, Ta-chien-lu is the capital of the Tibetan state of Chia-la.

•485 We were surprised to find an excellent inn here, quite the best I have seen anywhere in China. We spent most of the day with the English missionaries, of whom there were four, though only one, Mr C. Polhill-Turner, was stationed here permanently.

000 He and I were old schoolfellows, though we had never